

## *In Praise of Water*

by

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I write in praise of water. That ordinary, taken-for-granted, ubiquitous stuff that can be solid, liquid, vapor, or crystal. That simple molecule that covers three-quarters of the surface of the earth, but also comprises two-thirds of every one of us.

It's what dolphins play in, lobsters grow succulent in, tuna school in, and grizzlies fish in. Pelicans dive into it, ducks land on it, penguins fly through it, loons sing about it, and blue herons stroll its beaches.

It's the stuff we drink half a dozen times a day, bathe with, cook with, brush our teeth with, sing in the rain with, wade in, sail on, swim in, and skate on. We snow ski on it under the guise of powder and water ski on it under no guise at all. It's what we mix bourbon with, what we boil eggs in, what lets us wash our hair and what, with a blush of sunlight, opens the rosebud.

It's the stuff that *breaks* before we are born, and the stuff we're baptized with to rid us of Adam's sin. And, sadly, it's what fills our lungs, as we lie dying.

It is the most wonderful, fundamental, and elegant of chemical compounds. It is as delicate as a snowflake and as powerful as the most furious sea. We behold its glory in oceans, lakes, rivers, clouds, waterfalls, glaciers, geysers, snowdrifts, dewdrops, rainbows, and tears. And it is still – by far – the best cold drink ever.

In Galilee, at Cana, Christ used several large jars of it to make the finest wine. It is one of God's most clever creations and one of His most splendid gifts. All by its common self, precious water is and always was, right from the beginning, the one, true, elixir of life.